

[Between Your Teeth](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Category: Hades (Video Game 2018)

Genre: Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Aphrodisiacs, Biting, Bottom Patroclus, Established Relationship, M/M, Nereid Achilles, Sex Pollen, post-reunion

Language: English

Characters: Achilles (Hades Video Game), Patroclus (Hades Video Game)

Relationships: Achilles/Patroclus (Hades Video Game)

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-08-16

Updated: 2021-08-16

Packaged: 2022-12-19 10:50:49

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,969

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

There are certain aspects to Achilles' nereid physiology that Patroclus is no longer accustomed to after so long apart from him.

"Your—ah—the venom."

"The what?"

"The venom, Achilles, the nereid venom that makes me all... like this." His eloquence had gone wherever his desires to do anything other than fill himself with Achilles' cock had. Far, far away, never to be seen again, probably.

Between Your Teeth

Author's Note:

- For [miraculan](#).

Thank you to miraculan for this quite literally god tier concept.

Happy Slut Pat Sunday everybody!

Their first time together after reuniting in the Underworld was soft, loving, full of emotion and more than a few tears.

This time, Achilles sank his teeth in.

Patroclus arched under him as he did it, straining for more contact, driving his hips against Achilles' as the sharp surge of pain made his arousal peak. He hadn't expected Achilles to get this rough this early on, and he was completely delighted and instantly, immensely hard.

"Sorry, love, I couldn't resist," Achilles said, licking blood off his teeth. Patroclus didn't even know he *could* still bleed, but maybe it wasn't blood, perhaps something else rushed through his veins. The maybe-not-blood performed all of the most important duties, anyhow, so it was best not to think of it.

"Occupational hazards of loving a nereid." It was a line Patroclus had said dozens of times before. This was probably the only reason he could get it past his lips—his mind was going too fuzzy to manage anything of much complexity unless he'd said it before. Warmth filled him, a feverish, tingling rush that started at the bite mark on his shoulder and bloomed down his chest and into his belly where it settled in his groin.

It hadn't felt this overwhelming in years, not since before a steady regimen of exposure to Achilles' particular *abilities* had numbed him to it. But he supposed he'd been apart from him long enough for that tolerance to wane.

"Achilles." His fingers were starting to dig into Achilles' back, he'd go tense before his whole body went loose, his muscles cramping with need until the very moment he finally sated it, got Achilles inside him. "I'll thank you not to lollygag. I'm going to need you quickly."

"Whatever's gotten into you?" Achilles asked. He was grinning, and Patroclus was fond of the brightness in his eyes, especially after Achilles' temperament had been dulled from years of servitude to Hades and separation from Patroclus.

"You have, obviously. Or, you haven't. Not as much as I'd like you to." He tossed his head, seized Achilles around the waist with his thighs, forcing him closer. "Achilles, please." He was panting already. Soon he'd be whining. Begging.

"You've got to give me at least a little room, Pat, I'm still dressed."

How *dare* he still be dressed, honestly. "Well, you ought to have thought of that before you bit me. Or you ought to have worn a shorter skirt, so you could push it out of the way and have me without getting lost in all that fabric."

Achilles wrestled himself free, although it took a while. "Just a *second*, Patroclus. I'll have you soon. Your patience has worn unusually thin."

"Of course it has," Patroclus said. There was a ledge just above their bed, a window-sill where Patroclus had begun keeping a vessel of oil for nefarious purposes. Achilles dipped his fingers into it just as soon as he struggled free of all his clothing. The reach required his entire body to stretch out above Patroclus, all the long, lean lines of him bare and close and edible. Patroclus heard the bowl scrape a little on the windowsill as Achilles accidentally nudged it when he started at the feeling of Patroclus' mouth on his pectoral.

"Whatever are you doing there?" Achilles asked.

Patroclus nipped him, got a good mouthful of that plush muscle. "Getting you back," he said. "Though I don't quite have your abilities."

"You could bite hard enough to break skin if you tried," Achilles said. Not that Patroclus would—Achilles' fingers were dipping into him and making him groan, which required his mouth to be open.

"Not just... not just that."

Oh, here it came, the unnatural limpness, the heaviness to his limbs that just made him want to melt onto Achilles. It was *good*, better than he remembered, and it turned sex into one long orgasm drawn out over however long it took for Achilles to come, sating the desire he instilled in Patroclus.

"Your—*ah*—the venom."

"The what?" Achilles' fingers stilled, and Patroclus whined, putting all his energy into wrenching his hips forward to fuck Achilles' fingers into him fully.

"The *venom*, Achilles, the nereid venom that makes me all... like this." His eloquence had gone wherever his desires to do anything other than fill himself with Achilles' cock had. Far, far away, never to be seen again, probably.

"I don't have nereid venom," Achilles said. He at least seemed to take pity on Patroclus and continued fingering him, although the teasing was perhaps worse.

"Yes you do, you always have. I just, you know. Became accustomed to it. But you must recall, I was like this our first time." He was very proud of himself for several almost-full-sentences in a row.

Achilles was still giving him an odd, perplexed look, his head cocked to the side as if listening for some hidden meaning in whatever Patroclus said. There was none. Patroclus was accursedly straightforward right now. "I thought you simply enjoyed it," he said.

"Achilles. There is such thing as good sex," Patroclus heaved, "and there is this. All-consuming desire that cannot be sated except for *your cock in me*,

Achilles, please." Even Achilles at his most repressed and timid couldn't resist Patroclus begging for long, and he'd been steadily breaking him out of that haze for some time, anyhow.

Saying *it felt like the first time* felt sappy to Patroclus until the moment Achilles pushed inside him. It was like the first time. It was all he'd ever needed. Except, of course, for Achilles' eternal love. But mostly Patroclus just needed his cock. Achilles took it at a slow, dirty grind, leaning in to kiss up Patroclus' neck. Patroclus attempted to cling to him, but the heaviness in him had him sinking back into the pillows, pliant and lazy under Achilles' touch.

"Like this?" Achilles asked, rocking into him, steady and perfect and gorgeous above him, he was the most beautiful thing Patroclus had ever seen and that was no venom speaking. "Is this what you want?"

He couldn't get out anything but a moan, knew he was just along for the ride until Achilles finished and the head rush faded. He swore he was coming already, but his cock hadn't spilled. That's how it was, though. One long orgasm.

Achilles was disgustingly collected, the complete arse, and he took to taunting Patroclus. "I never realized what a wreck I could make you," Achilles said. "Do you think it would be more potent if I gave you another? If I bit you somewhere else, closer to your heart? Or closer to your cock, perhaps."

No, no it really wouldn't, because there was nothing *more* than this. It was already too much. Achilles put a hand around Patroclus' cock. Had he really not come yet? He was sure he'd come. Twice, possibly. Maybe he was just recovering from it at an unnatural rate. It was hard to tell what was happening to him, hard to think of anything that wasn't Achilles, Achilles, *Achilles*.

"Love, you feel like paradise," Achilles told him, which Patroclus replied to by burying his face in Achilles' neck. Every breath in filled his lungs with Achilles. Every breath out was a moan. He probably sounded like a complete whore. Achilles probably liked that.

“Ah—Achilles!” The first word he’d managed and it was his name. Of course it was his name. Patroclus could scarcely think anything else.

Achilles picked up the pace, which required him to wrap his arms around Patroclus’ thighs and lift him up off the bed a little, as Patroclus was being absolutely no help in anything conducive to getting properly pounded. His insides had turned to liquid. His outsides, too, probably he would melt away entirely whilst Achilles fucked him. That was okay, he was already dead, but he’d rather not wind up in the Styx fucked out of his mind, so he concentrated very hard on not melting completely and let Achilles do the work of holding him up. Achilles was certainly strong enough to do it.

There was no more teasing, only because Achilles was getting winded, getting close, probably. Patroclus had, by all accounts he could summon, not stopped coming in the past several hours. It hadn’t been several hours. It felt like it had.

Achilles had enough of holding up his lover’s dead weight (all his weight was dead weight, if he wanted to be pedantic about it, which he usually did) and rearranged them. He had to pull out of Patroclus to do it, and Patroclus wanted to howl at him for it, but he’d rolled Patroclus onto his front and fucked back in before Pat could voice his complaints.

Achilles still had to put some strength into holding him, but it was less holding him up and more holding him steady, so that Achilles didn’t fuck him straight up the head of the bed. Not like Patroclus could brace himself. Patroclus stopped being able to brace himself as soon as the teeth sank in.

Achilles was going to fuck him into oblivion. The friction of the mattress against his cock was driving him mad. The venom—which shouldn’t have been able to flow through his veins because he didn’t *have* veins—was filling his belly with heat until he felt like there was a forge inside him.

Achilles brushed his hair off the back of his neck, and he felt cool breath over his skin, just a moment’s respite, before Achilles’ mouth closed over his nape and his teeth sank in once more. They broke his skin, would have scarred if he yet lived, but that bite was secondary to the feeling of

Achilles' cock spilling inside him. This felt as cool as his breath, the heat built up within Patroclus enough to make his lover's seed feel refreshing.

He heard Achilles' breath catch with a swallow. Even as he pulled out, Patroclus was starting to cool, but he wouldn't recover, not for some time. He was doomed to be a useless mess for some time yet.

"Are you alright, Pat?" His voice was scratchy with orgasm and tight with concern.

"Good. So good." The high would last for some time, suffusing bliss, rolling through him in waves like a warm summer sea in his head. A pleasant sort of numbness settled over him, a respite from too much feeling.

"Did you come, then?" Achilles asked.

"Probably."

"Probably?" This was said with some amusement.

He was indeed laying in a wet spot, so the hypothesis was likely correct.
"Yes."

Achilles gently brushed the bite mark on the back of his neck, then the one at his shoulder, which had started all this. It didn't hurt, but then again, he was entirely numb. "Whatever have I done to you, my love?" Achilles wondered.

"Made my day, that's what." His speech slurred like he was drunk. He was maybe a little bit drunk. "Surprised you didn't know you could do that."

"I'm surprised you knew I could," Achilles said. "Where did you learn so much about nymphs?"

"Odysseus."

"What, really?" Achilles shifted about, he was probably helping Patroclus get cleaned off but Patroclus was still deep in a haze. He was going to be so hungover from this. He'd look like a chariot wreck for days.

“Don’t ask me to explain myself right now.”

Achilles did not ask him to explain himself. He just gave Patroclus a kiss so soft he could hardly feel it, and lay down beside him, soothing hands running over his body as they both fell asleep. There was a low, telltale rumble in his chest where it was pressed to Patroclus’ side.

Patroclus wondered if somebody needed to tell Achilles that he purred, too.

Author's Note:

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